

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

December 1940

"We Serve"





Children All!

EDWARD JUDSON HUMESTON

Paper Cutout by Lisl Hummel

Children all! In happy bands,
Shout amain, in all the lands,
Merry Christmas.

Ring the bells and blow the trumpets:
Eat your oatmeal, chew your crumpets:
Feel your stocking! There's a lump! It's
Merry Christmas.

Ye spruces, balsams, larch and fir,
Snow-laden branches gently stir
And softly whisper, breathing myrrh,
Merry Christmas.

Ye birds that shelter 'neath the hill,
Your feast is on our window sill:
Your song has merited your fill of
Merry Christmas.

Ye earthborn creatures, great and small,
To God, Creator, sing ye all, this
Merry Christmas.

—Childhood Education

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The December News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Making Christmas Cookies in Switzerland" (front cover), "Children All"

Auditorium:

"Christmas Eve is Here," "Children All," "Christmas on Christmas Island," "Christmas Fish," "The Big Christmas Bread," "Story of the First Christmas Tree"

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General Science:

"Christmas on Christmas Island"

Geography:

Bohemia—"The Big Christmas Bread"
England—"The Children Come to America"
France—"Voici le Noël"
Lapland—"Pirak and the Wolf"
Mexico—"Christmas Fish"
South Sea Islands—"Christmas on Christmas Island"
Spain—"The Calendar and the National Children's Fund"
Switzerland—"Making Christmas Cookies"
United States—"The Children Come to America," "Christmas News," "The Big Christmas Bread"
Other Countries—"Something about Spices," "The Calendar and the National Children's Fund," "Christmas News," "Customs and Cookies"

Home Arts:

"Customs and Cookies," "Christmas News"

Music:

"Christmas News," "Christmas Eve Is Here"

Primary Grades:

"Making Christmas Cookies in Switzerland," "Children All," "The Children Come to America," "Customs and Cookies," and especially "The Big Christmas Bread," "Story of the First Christmas Tree," and "The Snow Man"

Reading:

1. Who says "Merry Christmas"? 2. Draw a picture of the third and fourth stanzas of the poem.

1. Why was Hans Kupfer not court martialled? 2. Write a prayer for this Christmas Eve.

1. What did the natives of Christmas Island sing? 2. Look up a South Sea Island story by one of the authors mentioned.

1. What did Pirak learn about herding reindeer? 2. Where do you think he will find Urpu?

1. How did Benito and Soledad get the Christmas dinner for their family? 2. How is the climate of Mexico different from the climate of Lapland?

1. What are some examples of the way spices have influenced history? 2. Have a blind-fold contest, identifying spices by their taste.

1. What was the prize for which ancient explorers risked their lives? 2. Name some other commodities that used to be prized above money.

1. What are good ways of sharing your Christmas happiness with others? 2. Tell how the Junior Red Cross members of Webster Grove, Missouri, went about their Christmas service.

1. What kind of disposition did the snow man have? 2. Make up a conversation with a snow man.

1. What are the *Junior Red Cross Calendar* pictures about? 2. Earn some money every month for the National Children's Fund.

1. Who took care of the English children on their way to America? 2. Re-read the editorial, "They Are Our Guests," in the November *Junior Red Cross News*.

1. What do you learn from the activity reports about Christmas customs in different places? 2. Write a story for your newspaper about Christmas as Junior Red Cross members celebrate it.

1. Which cookie recipe sounds best to you? 2. Plan an international Christmas dinner from this issue of the *Junior Red Cross News*.

1. What did Grampa's Big Christmas Bread look like? 2. Why was it so hard?

1. Tell the story of the first Christmas tree. 2. Describe the prettiest Christmas tree you ever saw.

1. How do you say "Christmas Eve is here" in French? 2. Sing the French carol.

Units:

Adventure and Exploration—"Christmas on Christmas Island," "Pirak and the Wolf," "The Children Come to America," "Something about Spices," "Spice." If a local high school has the March, 1938, *Junior Red Cross Journal*, borrow it and look up "Salt Has a Story," by Anna Milo Upjohn: interesting for units in Foods, also.

Climate—"Christmas on Christmas Island," "Pirak and the Wolf," "Christmas Fish"

Family and Home Life—"Silent Night," "Pirak and the Wolf," "Christmas Fish," "The Children Come to America," "The Big Christmas Bread"

Foods—"Pirak and the Wolf," "Christmas Fish," "Something about Spices," "Spice," "Customs and Cookies," "The Big Christmas Bread"

Holidays—Almost everything in this issue is material about the Christmas holiday.

Occupations—"Christmas on Christmas Island," "Pirak and the Wolf," "Christmas Fish," "Something about Spices," "The Story of the First Christmas Tree"

Service—"A Suggestion," "The Calendar and the N. C. F.," "Christmas News"

Developing Calendar Activities for December

Fitting Service to the Recipients

IN discussing what type of Christmas gift is most appropriate to each group of recipients, pupils may enjoy making a classroom chart. Head each column with the name of one group to be remembered; then read through the list of gifts suggested on the *Calendar* and by class members, and write in each column the gifts that might be appropriate for the group named at the top. Conversation will clarify which of the suggestions are not feasible so far as your own class is concerned and which ones it would be interesting to make. Such a discussion is good Social Studies exercise in that it brings out characteristics of groups served and acceptable ways of performing the service. The Webster Groves plan reported in "Christmas News" in this issue of the magazine will be helpful in this discussion of the *Calendar* activities.

As a further part in the study of community organization pupils may find out what other groups besides the Junior Red Cross give Christmas service to the various groups to be served and these helping organizations can be written into the "Junior Red Cross Map of Service."

The gifts that can be provided through work in school might be underscored on the chart and the classes in which work on them will be done can be decided upon. This will give a chance to emphasize social motives for classroom work.

"Ideas for Christmas Greetings"

In addition to the devices suggested in the *Calendar*, the following may be interesting: a toy house filled with fruits and nuts, a basket of food as the base of a real Christmas tree with trimmings and lights, a toy shop where parents can select for their children reconditioned gifts.

World Friendship This Christmas

The Junior Red Cross has sent more Christmas boxes to other countries this year than for a number of past years. The requests from American Junior Red Cross members for boxes to fill exceeded the 55,000 that were ordered. This is a splendid commentary on the way in which the Red Cross ideals of service and world friendship are functioning when put to the test.

The *Calendar* pictures for November and December both represent Christmas gifts from American Junior Red Cross members to other countries. Last month there was not room to quote the letter received from Dr. C. W. Wu, Director of the National Red Cross Society in China:

"I have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the consignment of 36 cases (6,226 cartons) of toys. The toys are very welcome to our refugee children, and I assure you of their gratitude to the American Junior Red Cross and all the school children in America who contributed the wonderful articles I notice in the cartons. It makes me feel young again to see the marbles, toy cars, crayons, preserved fruit!

"I have already distributed several hundred cartons to orphans and destitute Chinese children in war-torn China. I have earmarked a quantity for our kiddies in the interior and will ship them up as soon as opportunity occurs."

This year, boxes have been designated for China, England, and five South American countries.

In many places showing world friendship this Christmas will take the form of Christmas parties and gifts for children who have come to the com-

munity from other countries. The young guests should be encouraged to contribute to the festivities by joining in the carols and teaching new ones to their Junior Red Cross hosts. They can describe Christmas in their native countries. In some cases perhaps they will have had experience with the Junior Red Cross in their own countries and can relate some of those experiences.

Still another device for emphasizing the world motif in a Christmas entertainment might be to build an igloo for Santa Claus somewhere near the North Pole. Let children representing many countries discover the igloo and receive their gifts from it.

"Topics for School Correspondence"

Further topics for international school correspondence letters this month, which were crowded out of the original *Calendar* copy in getting it into the available space, might include "Our Skating Rink," "Our Community Library" (Christmas holidays are a good time to explore the community library), and for a topic that ties in with the curriculum, "Magic in Our General Science Laboratory." Another topic for young members is "Protecting Others from Danger," including obeying traffic regulations and being considerate in one's play.

"Discovering America"

On the October page, as a theme for the year, a project of "Discovering America" was introduced. The suggestion was made that the class divide into committees with each committee choosing one special American country for study. The Pan American Union in Washington will doubtless be able to provide valuable reference material. School and community libraries will also be helpful. Newspapers and magazines have an increasing amount of material, and radio programs will further the research.

A new Junior Red Cross pamphlet for high school members on Pan American understanding has material that you yourself can use, although it is presented in too advanced a form for elementary school pupils.

Geography Reference Material

The material published by the National Geographic Society at Washington, D. C., which has become popular with many teachers during past years is again available this year.

There are "five bulletins in each weekly issue, for thirty weeks of the school year. They embody pertinent facts for classroom use from the stream of geographic information that pours daily into the Society's headquarters from every part of the world. The bulletins are illustrated from the Society's extensive file of geographic photographs.

"Teachers are requested to apply early for the number of these bulletins desired. They are obtainable only by teachers, librarians, and college and normal school students. The bulletins are issued as a service, not for financial profit, by the National Geographic Society as a part of its program to diffuse geographic information. They give timely information about boundary changes, exploration, geographic developments, new industries, costumes and customs, and world progress in other lands. Each application should be accompanied by twenty-five cents (fifty cents in Canada) to cover the mailing cost for the school year.

"Teachers may order bulletins in quantities for class use, to be sent to one address, but twenty-five cents must be remitted for each subscription."

Junior Red Cross Activities and the Curriculum

Home Arts

SEWING for war refugees, made possible for Junior Red Cross members through the senior Red Cross Production Program, is appropriate chiefly for pupils in junior and senior high school sewing classes. Recommendations for several simpler activities have been combined in a leaflet, "American Junior Red Cross Production for Beginners and Younger Grades," ARC 697. In addition to these suggestions is the one made in the September *Guide for Teachers* about toys to be put in the pockets of garments made by either senior or junior members. There are no patterns for these "pocket toys," but any flat, soft, stuffed toys or toys cut out of felt, small enough to go into the pocket of a child's dress or suit and not to interfere with the packing of the garments, are suitable. Tiny cats, dogs, bunnies, or the head of any animal, or little trinkets made of ends of yarn, are suggestions. They must be nicely made; probably buttonhole-stitched around the edge and with embroidered or button features.

For junior high school classes that are advanced enough to make children's garments, several new patterns have recently been suggested for jumpers, skirts, and jackets of heavy black muslin supplied by the Red Cross. The jumpers, which are popular in style, can be worn this winter over the heavier woolen dresses sent and will be a protection to the dresses. Both the jumpers and the skirts will be appropriate for spring and summer use with blouses. In order that they may not be somber, they should be accompanied by blouses made from colorful material. The jumper straps can be piped or embroidered in gay colors. Perhaps you will call the attention of the sewing teachers, in classes sufficiently advanced, to this new opportunity. Material should be ordered now, even though the project cannot be worked into the course until later.

The patterns recommended are:

Jumper—Vogue 2229, sizes 6 through 12; Advance 2001, sizes 2 through 8
Skirts—Vogue 2196, Advance 2402, Simplicity 3492, sizes 6 through 14

Junior Red Cross and Drawing

Suggestions for relating the art work to Junior Red Cross activities in a rural school were outlined by Mr. Frank W. De Grasse in a plan made in the Junior Red Cross Course at the summer session of the Normal School in Presque Isle, Maine. The plan was based on using the natural material available to the school and the service and friendship motives of Junior Red Cross.

Three albums were projected, to follow "the three seasons that come during the school year."

"1. *Hunting in the fall*: This album would be of wild life found and hunted in our Maine woods, and would tell about hunting camps, with cut-outs of deer and bears.

"2. *Winter, and winter games and sports*: The pictures for this album will be of a winter carnival, skating, coasting, and skiing.

"3. *Spring in Maine*: The pages of this album will emphasize color with birds and flowers, rivers, trees, and open lakes.

"In addition to the albums composed around Art themes, I am planning handwork, carving and making of wooden toys. This will give the boys a few lessons in Manual Training.

"The spirit of giving will be important here be-

cause the boys will like the toys they make, and giving them to someone else will be good sportsmanship. The thing I shall watch closely will be the cost involved. It must not cost the pupils or parents much.

Language Arts

Opportunities to use Junior Red Cross activities in developing skill in the Language Arts include principally writing letters and giving talks.

Writing to parents:

For primary grades, practice in letter form can be obtained by addressing envelopes to parents or others and sending them leaflets that tell about the Red Cross program. This activity is most often available at Roll Call time. You may want to plan in advance for its use next year.

Pupils old enough can write their own letters explaining to parents what the Red Cross does for people in their homes, for the local community, and for national and international work.

Writing to the Red Cross Chapter:

Letters can be written to the Junior Red Cross Chairman or the local chapter office telling about the Junior Red Cross service activities for any given grade. If there is a special Junior Red Cross sponsor in your school, the pupils can address their letters to the sponsor or to the principal of the school.

In writing the Junior Red Cross Chairman about service activities, a special letter can be included to go with the toys or other gifts to the group for which the toys have been made. This gives practice in thinking about one's audience and writing the kind of letter that will not hurt anybody's feelings but will make the recipients understand that the people sending the gifts like and respect them.

School Correspondence:

Letters can be written to fellow members in other parts of our own country, through Junior Red Cross school correspondence. The whole class takes part in discussion and practice of the correct letter form. The content is based on study of the community or section, and the three to five letters required are the joint composition of the whole class, or the best products resulting from the class assignment or a combination of the best parts of all the letters. It is wiser to study the School Correspondence pamphlet, ARC 621, before undertaking the preparation for an album for another school.

School Correspondence albums offer two other opportunities, besides letters, for composition. One of these is the composition of captions for pictures used in the album, each caption phrased to tell in the most accurate and interesting language possible what the picture represents. If a young grade furnishes several pages for an album, each page should be carefully captioned with one or two good sentences or phrases.

The other opportunity is "composition" in the larger sense; that is, the arrangement of pages in the way that will make the most interesting book.

Letters to be sent near home or albums for farther away can often be mailed by a class that is studying the post-office as part of the community organization. Talking in advance about how a group conducts itself on excursions of this sort, and what the members will look for, and afterwards reporting on the experience, gives more practice in language.

Fitness for Service for December

"A Chapter on Colds"

THE months when colds are most common in your own community may be indicated by attendance records for the past year or two.

The Villains of the Story

Chief villains in the fight with colds are the infecting virus or germs, spread by tiny droplets exhaled in coughing, sneezing, laughing, talking forcibly and yawning; by kissing; by using dishes and silver or towels and handkerchiefs handled by someone with a cold; by handling school material coughed on by others with a cold and then carrying the germs to one's own mouth; perhaps even by shaking hands.

The Defenses We Need

Defenses needed to defeat the villains are strong resistance through good nutrition (see last month's *Guide for Teachers*), enough rest, plenty of sunshine and fresh air, correction of special defects like diseased tonsils or adenoids, avoidance of sitting around in damp clothing, particularly in damp shoes or stockings, avoidance of dust or other irritants in the air.

During winter months especially, it is often necessary to supplement the diet with some of the fish liver-oils that are particularly rich in the protective vitamins. Sunshine may almost be considered as a diet supplement. In a newspaper health column, the theory of the value of sunshine to the body was explained as follows:

"Sunlight definitely has an effect on the body. The sun's rays are the greatest source of energy known. The green leaves of the vegetables are the most efficient trap for this energy, and when we eat green vegetables and fruit, we acquire by indirect methods some of the sun's energy. This, however, should always be supplemented by exposure to the sun itself.

"Man was supposed to live in the sun. It actually creates food. Experiments have shown that when guinea pigs are given a prepared food which lacks several elements necessary for maintaining life and health, and are kept in the dark on this diet, they grow deformed and crippled. But if they are placed in the sunlight for half an hour, even though they are on this same diet, they grow in a healthy way; the bones grow well and no crippling occurs. Even when the crippled guinea pigs are placed in the sunshine, they begin to improve immediately without making any change in their diet."

(Dr. Clendenen)

When and Why to Stay Home

The most effective time to stay home is at the beginning of a cold. One is likelier to head it off for oneself at that time and also to protect others. There are more important reasons for protecting others than sparing them the discomfort of a cold. The first signs of a cold are often similar to the first signs of more serious diseases, like measles, whooping cough, influenza, scarlet fever. Besides, what is a slight cold for one person may for a person of lowered resistance turn into pneumonia, tuberculosis, or chronic infection of nose, throat, or ears.

"Ways to Enjoy a Cold"

Ways to enjoy a cold are: to take a warm bath, drink a bowl of hot lemonade, cover up in bed, and have at hand an engrossing book or radio program. This combination offers the advantages of quicker recovery, entertainment, and a clear conscience.

Service for the Sake of Fitness

Junior Red Cross members may find various ways to help reduce the prevalence of colds in their own classroom: providing tissues or a supply of unhemmed, freshly-laundered, soft rags that can be used in place of handkerchiefs, devising containers for disposal of tissues or rags (by anyone who simply can't stay home with his cold); collecting worn stockings or socks and mending them, or making cloth or felt slippers for emergency use of those who come with damp shoes or stockings; planning with mothers for a school lunch that will give balanced diet for all; bringing surplus fruit to school; having an indoor box of greens for winter use.

Science as Applied to Human Welfare

In the October JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL, a feature entitled "Your Service Through Science" by Livingston L. Blair, Assistant National Director of Junior Red Cross, points out the scientific approach of the Red Cross to problems of human welfare and the obligation of Junior Red Cross members to let the service motive activate their study of science. The page is addressed to senior high school members, but some of the paragraphs are applicable to the General Science study of younger members:

"Although many of the contributions of science can be turned to destructive uses, it is important that most of these contributions have originated as aids in determining truth, reducing drudgery, shortening distances, healing the sick, and in many other ways which would serve the better purposes of humanity. In spite of adverse uses of some of these contributions, science still provides many opportunities to assist in helping to gain worth-while ends.

"Members of the American Junior Red Cross are in partnership with adult members of the Red Cross in the great services of that organization. As partners they have the opportunity in many communities to engage in activities employing scientific skills and requiring scientific attitudes. . . . The prospect of the possible effects of flood, wind, and fire upon the community is approached from the vantage point of scientific planning. Objective planning has frequently proved to be the basis for calm, safe, and constructive effort when disaster strikes.

"The accepted and standard Red Cross training in First Aid and Life Saving brings scientific knowledge into use to save human lives and to aid the suffering. Great as are the contributions of some famous scientists, there is perhaps no greater service than calm and scientifically correct action at a time of emergency when such action saves a life. Teachers of physical education, physiology, and allied courses have utilized these techniques to demonstrate the application of fundamental principles of their science courses.

"The Farm and Home Accident Prevention Program of the Red Cross reveals to Junior Red Cross members in science classes that many familiar hazards or remedies are real life demonstrations of lessons in chemistry or physics or physiology.

"Obviously investigation and reports by science students on the medical and nursing services of the American Red Cross would indicate the valuable social and scientific contributions rendered through these services . . . as the share of the Red Cross in sending blood plasma to war-wounded men, women, and children in Britain. When food supplies are needed for war victims, every item purchased must come up to standards of sound and scientific principles of nutrition."

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

December • 1940

Part I

Silent Night

J. KOSAS

DURING the first World War, German and Russian troops facing each other on the Latvian border were quite near, yet made few attacks. So the two armies began to make friends and the men met sometimes for talks in some grove or ravine or granite pit. It was soon plain that these "enemies" did not feel much enmity. The German officers hoped to get information about the other side from these friendly exchanges.

On Christmas Eve, the Germans sent men, mostly officers in the uniforms of privates, on a visit to the Russian-Latvian side. One of the leaders was Hans Kupfer, who had a reputation for gathering information in this way.

"How nice that you have come tonight! You know it is Christmas Eve," said Cekulis, hatter of Limbazu, to the visitors.

"Why, I had altogether forgotten that," said Kupfer.

Maybe because the electric light bulb had a deeper glow, or maybe because of the Christmas spirit which shone in the faces of the men, the earthen hut seemed brighter than usual. Cekulis took from the Christmas parcel his wife had sent a pair of thick woolen socks and a knitted jacket. Then he read out his boy's first letter. Kupfer, forgetting all his instructions, proudly showed them the photograph of his three children.

"We're having a tree for the whole company," Cekulis explained to Kupfer. "What a pity you can't go along. We'd enjoy having you."

"What if he puts on one of our uniforms?" All agreed and soon Kupfer marched off with the others to a little meadow surrounded by trees. There was the lighted tree; soldiers ranged themselves silently around it. There was quiet and deep peace in the meadow. "Silent night, holy night," sang a small choir. The beloved carol rose over the tiny candle flames, over the dark shapes of the trees, towards the starry heavens. And then more than three hundred voices joined in with "From Heaven I'm sent to bring to you." Parcels of soap, sweets, cigarettes and other small treats were distributed among the soldiers, the candles burned low and all returned to their entrenchments.

Next morning Kupfer and Geist, another scout leader, were summoned before the German commanding officer. When he heard they had obtained no military information, he thundered: "Of course, you drank with the Russians; you forgot your duty!"

"No; we lighted a Christmas tree. . . ."

The officer gave Kupfer a stern look. "You'll be brought before a court-martial," he said.

Kupfer and Geist were silent.

"Lighted a Christmas tree, did you?" he said, as if he were remembering something important. His hand rose to his breast pocket. "You may go. No charges will be brought." And he turned towards the window through which a deep blue sky looked in between the pines.

—From the Estonian Junior Red Cross Magazine



Christmas on Christmas Island

ARMSTRONG SPERRY

Illustrations by the Author

THERE are two kinds of islands in the South Seas—the volcanic islands and the low coral atolls.

The high islands rise straight up out of the sea for thousands of feet. They are covered with shining green jungle, and as you sail toward them you see waterfalls hanging like gauze upon the cliffs, and wild goats leaping from peak to mountain peak.

But an atoll, on the contrary, is as flat as your hand. It's a mere ring of coral enclosing a lagoon. Sometimes, during the great hurricanes, waves sweep right across the atolls. Then the people have to climb to the tops of the palm trees and hang on for their lives until the storm blows over. You never know when your palm tree will be uprooted and carried off. Coconuts whiz through the air like cannon balls, while flying branches of the great palms are solid enough to knock down a strong man.

Christmas Island is just such an atoll. If you should ask me who named it "Christmas," I could not tell you. But I shall never forget

that morning when first I saw it. I was sailing through the South Seas on a four-masted schooner called the *Kaimiloa*. We were embarked upon a scientific expedition, hunting on some of the remotest islands for traces of the early Polynesians—the natives who had passed that way in their fine sailing canoes hundreds of years ago. Christmas Island was said to possess some of the finest ruins of the ancient navigators.

And what a splendid ship the *Kaimiloa* was! Originally a lumber schooner, she had been reconditioned and changed into a beautiful yacht. Her old tramp days were gone forever, and her white paint, her gleaming brightwork, her new suit of sails shone resplendently in the tropic sun. In her capacious hold, there were refrigerating rooms of different temperatures to keep meats, game, fruits and vegetables. There were laboratories and dark-rooms for the scientists, developing-rooms for movie film, a magnificent library, staterooms with baths and showers—in short, everything possible to make life in the savage South Seas

as civilized as possible. And thus our fine ship sailed down the blue Pacific on her adventurous quest.

Christmas Island was in the offing. When I came on deck that morning shortly after daybreak, the sea was a great blue disk, and we were its moving center. As far as the eye could reach, there was only this blue emptiness—no other ship, no smoke, no islands, not even a bird. Then suddenly we caught sight of the feathery crests of palm trees. They seemed to be growing right out of the sea!

"Land ho!" shouted the lookout.

And sure enough, there it was at last, right where it was supposed to be. The Captain on the quarterdeck puffed out his chest, vastly pleased with himself, apparently, to have found this island. And I couldn't blame him. For Christmas is so low that you can not see the land until you are almost upon it. To have located it in all those leagues of sea seemed to me, indeed, a real feat of navigation. Surf broke upon the beaches with a thunderous roar. Spray flung itself at the sky. Gulls and terns and frigate birds now swooped low above the morning mists in their everlasting search for food.

As the ship drew cautiously closer, we could see that the lagoon (which formed the center of the island) stretched away and away—like some great inland lake. Tucked under the palm trees were several huts, clustering about one lone white dwelling. Here, we had been told, lived Father Rougier, Christmas Island's ruler. He had leased the island from the British Government for a term of ninety-nine years. Here he raised copra—the dried meat of the coconut—and his Tahitian laborers and their families lived in the rude huts clustered around his bungalow.

The scene was incredibly lonely. I wondered how anyone could be content to live in such a remote spot. In such a place months might pass without sight of another ship. There was no way of knowing what was happening in the outside world. All my life I had dreamed of seeing just such an island. The stories of Stevenson, Jules Verne and Jack London had charmed my childhood with their romantic adventures. And now here I was, standing in the bows of the *Kaimiloo*, scanning with eager eyes the blazing coral beaches.

Our ship was too large to enter the small passage into the lagoon. The anchor rattled through the hawsehole a hundred yards off the reef. Then we climbed down into the whaleboats and were rowed ashore. Excited

natives, standing at the water's edge, sprang out into the surf as we drew closer and carried us dry-shod to the beach. Father Rougier came out upon his veranda to greet us. He was a big man, perhaps sixty, dressed in the long black robes of his calling. But his eyes, shaded by the brim of a pith helmet, were bright and blue and youthful. He greeted us with friendly cordiality. Ours, he informed us, was the first ship to arrive at Christmas Island in over a year. He had many questions to ask about the outside world.

Promptly he placed his battered Ford at our disposal. And that afternoon, chauffeured by one of his Tahitians, we set out for the southern part of the island—forty miles away.

Christmas Island proved to be as flat as a soup plate. There was a scattered scrub for vegetation, while the ground seemed to be covered with a sort of shale that looked like cement. The only real trees were the coconuts which Father Rougier had planted for his copra. We left them far behind as we bumped and clattered southward over the island. Soon we could see nothing of the settlement. Only desolate wasteland, arid and uninviting; a distant view of the lagoon, green and glittering in the sharp light. . . .

At the shore farthest distant from the settlement, we made our shelter. Then we set about the serious business of looking for ruins. The first Polynesian navigators sailed the length and breadth of the Pacific Ocean, guided only by the stars, by maps of straws, and by the *ara moana*—the "paths of the sea." These paths are the great ocean currents that flow like swift rivers throughout the South Seas. They carried the early navigators from one island to another in the days when the world was young.

There at the far end of Christmas Island we found the things that we had traveled all those miles to discover: mounds of stones that had once been piled into cones, now scattered and battered by the winds of centuries; an occasional implement, a shallow grave; sometimes a skull. That was all. But it was enough. For it is by such signs that scientists have pieced together the story of the human race. The measurements of a skull, the shape of a spearhead, the design of a paddle—these are fragments in the vast design of humankind which the trained eye understands and pieces together. Bit by bit, a tiny piece at a time, the whole great puzzle is being put together until, some day, who knows when, the picture will be complete.



We found the Kaimiloa in festive attire

For a week we labored there with our shovels and pickaxes, while frigate birds and albatrosses, who had never before been disturbed by man, swooped down at us angrily, threatening our eyes with their sharp beaks. On the night that we prepared to return to our ship, someone happened to glance at the date in his diary. December twenty-fourth, Christmas Eve. We had forgotten all about it! But we knew that those aboard the ship would have remembered.

And sure enough—as we rattled back to the settlement and came in sight of our ship, we found the *Kaimiloa* in festive attire. Flags and pennants hung from every stay. The stars and stripes soared proudly above all others from the main-truck. Everyone aboard was busy with his own preparations, doing up gifts, digging into forgotten duffel bags for knickknacks—a pocket knife, a hatchet, a book, a camera, a package of tobacco. Someone had chopped down an iron-wood tree and set it up in the dining saloon for a Christmas tree, where, as the dusk of evening deepened, it blazed with candles. And there was a star cut out of tin, shining at the peak.

And that night we sat down to the most sumptuous dinner that had ever, I am certain, been served on a South Sea island! There were roast ducklings from Long Island, venison from Maine, fruits from California, Boston lettuce, vegetables from Hawaii—all properly sustained against this moment in their refrigerating rooms. There was fish fresh from the teeming seas; a monstrous omelette made from the eggs of a hundred terns; there were bananas roasted in their jackets and covered with coconut sauce. Ah, yes, it was such a meal as you have never seen, and it was topped off at the proper moment, in proper Christmas style, with a blazing plum pudding.

While we were eating, dark-skinned natives peered down at us through the skylight, the glow from the lamps shining on white teeth and coral jewelry and flashing back from dark eyes. Then Wong, the Chinese steward, carried up on deck great bowls of ice cream. And so amazed were the natives at this magic food that at first they were afraid to touch it. Never in their lives had they tasted ice cream, or imagined that anything could be as cold. Once

(Continued on page 96)



This is a coral atoll

Pirak and the Wolf

NEILL JAMES

Illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge

PART I

PIRAK was a Lapp boy who lived with a group of nomad Lapps who traveled from place to place in Arctic Finland, Sweden and Norway. Pirak's pet was a white reindeer, which he named Urpu. Urpu lived in the tents with the Lapps, and because he smelled of man, the reindeer herd would have nothing to do with him.

When the sun came back and shone through the long arctic day, it was time for the Lapps to move with all their belongings to their summer camp on the fiords of Norway. They traveled in a *sida*, which means a group of Lapps who keep their herds together.

It didn't matter how early Pirak woke up, the sun was shining, the eternal sun which shone day and night for weeks on end. Once in church he had heard the congregation singing a hymn, "Tomorrow's Sun May Never Rise." That sun couldn't be in Lapland, he remembered thinking. On the other hand, perhaps it couldn't rise because it was already up. The song left him bewildered.

Yesterday's sun was still shining when he awoke and began what was to prove one of the most exciting days of his life. Urpu slept just outside the tent and Pirak could feel the warmth of the little reindeer's body as it lay pressed against the woolen wall near him. Pirak nudged Urpu. The older Lapps were enjoying a hearty breakfast of reindeer stew and coffee when Pirak crawled out, shook his cap and looked at his hands to see if they were really frozen, for he had dreamed that they were. One of his mittens had slipped off during the night and his left hand was awfully cold, but not frostbitten. He was glad. The boy joined his father, mother, and uncle for breakfast. Each member of the family helped himself from a large wooden bowl. They ate as much as possible, because none could tell when the next meal would appear. Churgu, the dog, sat on the reeds near Pirak's father, Johan, and followed with his eyes each morsel

from the bowl to the man's mouth. Later Johan melted a lump of frozen blood which Churgu ate.

The snow was hard and crisp, with a coating of ice. There could be no wolf hunt that day, but the *sida* was to move. The camp was a beehive of activity as the neighbors packed and prepared to move.

Johan and his brother, Nuvte, each stowed a piece of jerked reindeer meat in the front of their tunics against the possibility of having to spend the night away from camp. Johan laughed when Pirak asked for a piece of dried meat to carry in his tunic. Like everyone else, the boy wore a hunting knife and wooden cup at his belt.

"Give it to him," advised Nuvte. "If the boy is to be a great hunter, he must learn to depend upon himself." He knew that when a race lives as close to nature as the Laplanders do, each individual must early learn to be resourceful. Later Inga, Pirak's mother, was to be thankful she had given her son food.

Everyone helped in breaking camp. Things in the tent had to be well packed in proper *pulkkas* or sleds so they could be easily discovered upon arrival at the new camping place. Inga carefully packed her four china coffee cups in a little painted oval chest which they just fitted. Nuvte rolled up the skins which the Lapps used for beds. Pirak carried the small articles from the tent and handed them to Inga, who packed the freight *pulkkas*. Foodstuff was stowed for safety in a covered *pulkka*. Winter clothing filled another. Inga did not fear moths. At the first stop, the cold weather garments would be left behind on a platform in a tree to be picked up when the *sida* arrived at that place months later on its return journey.

Pirak went to the woods on skis and helped Johan bring the draft reindeer. On some they strapped packs. Others were hitched to *pulkkas*. Last of all, the tent was demolished and packed on the very last sled. Pirak could never understand why his mother, who had lived all her life in a tent following the herd from place to place, was always so sad at see-

NOTE: This story is a chapter taken from *The White Reindeer*, a new book published by Scribner's.

ing the tent being taken apart. Inga always felt a funny lump in her throat. She knew her family was homeless until the tent was put up at a new camping place. A woman did not like to be without a home, even for a day or two. Today she was more depressed than usual when she saw the woolen covering ripped off and the bare poles standing like a skeleton. Johan divided the poles and strapped them to the back of the last reindeer in the string, the small ends of the poles dragging in the snow. The loaded reindeer were fastened one behind the other.

When the pack animals of each family were assembled, they formed a long line, each string of five or seven deer being led by a man or woman. Inga and Uncle Nuvte took charge of the Sikko train of animals.

Ordinarily Pirak traveled along on skis beside his mother. Now that he was past ten years old ("going on eleven," Pirak would have told you), Johan decided he was old enough to help with the herd. The boy was so excited he almost held his breath when he discovered he was to work with the half of the divided herd which was made up of bucks and extra draft reindeer. They were the wild ones. Pirak knew when the reindeer begin to yearn for the high fells they spring about like flying birds. At times even seasoned herders can not keep them together.

The boy stood on his skis near his father and watched the *sida* form into a long caravan. The reindeer, laden with household equipment of the Kitti family, led off single file, followed by those of the Labba family. The three pack animals, followed by *pulkas* laden with Sikko effects, each drawn by a reindeer, brought up the rear of the caravan. Inga traveled at the head, riding in a *pulka*, and Uncle Nuvte came on skis alongside the end reindeer, draw-

ing the tent poles. When all was in readiness, the long caravan began to move and Johan and Pirak watched them until they appeared to be just a long black string laid across the white snow. Then, with a farewell glance at the deserted camping place, the man and boy set off through the woods to overtake the main body of the herd. Churgu followed closely behind his master. Urpu sprang about excitedly. Once he got lost in the woods and after that Pirak put him on a leash to save time. The snow was hard and crusty and they traveled at a fast clip, covering several miles before they stopped to rest and scrape the bottoms of their skis. Pirak noticed that his father's tanned cheeks showed a faint red, while his breath rose like steam and congealed in his eyebrows. He felt all warm and tingly from the exercise. He kept thinking what a wonderful thing it was for him, Pirak, to be a herder before he was eleven years old.

Johan's voice crashed upon the boy's thoughts. "You'll be a very tired young man before you sleep." He did not say "before this day is over," for he knew it would be two months before the sun, like a ball of fire, would dip below the horizon and day would end.

Deep in the forest they came across snow ruffled and cut by thousands of hoofs and knew they were on the trail of the herd. Johan noticed that the footprints at the edge of the snow showed the herd traveled fast for so large a group of animals. The keen eyes of the man descried a little cloud of steam rising in the distance and knew the reindeer were near. They overtook the herd just in time to take up duties on the rear flanks, while the men tried to head off the lead animals to prevent them from racing toward the first high fell.

"Take care of the rear," Lars shouted to Johan as he dashed through the woods, as



The baby reindeer lived with the Lapps

fast as his skis could carry him, to round up a group of three bucks that had broken away. For a while Pirak kept near his father. The man was pleased at the way the boy could "shoo" the reindeer along without the aid of a dog. Pirak worked with enthusiasm. He discovered something no one else had thought of. The bucks were afraid of little Urpu, and when he started toward them, they fled to the safety of the herd. The boy enjoyed watching the little reindeer toss his head and race around the edge of the herd while the animals

would flock toward the center as if pulled by centrifugal force. His fun was interrupted when four bucks split away from the herd and fled to the left. Pirak went after them and spent a good hour getting them back. He arrived all out of breath. He skied around until he found his father and told him how he had driven the four reindeer back.

"You'll be a fine herder some day," said Johan, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Herding is easy, once you understand it. You have to be very gentle with the reindeer cows and their fawns. With the young running beneath their mothers, they get trampled if there is any excitement. Drive them slowly. But the bucks, they are always wild. Especially if moss is scarce and it is cold. You have to drive them hard."

Pirak listened attentively to what his father said. Suddenly he missed the little reindeer.

"Where's Urpu?" he asked.

They both looked all about but could not see the little white reindeer.

"Perhaps he's mixed up with the herd," volunteered Johan. "Remember, when a reindeer is frightened he always runs toward the other deer, not from them."

"But, Father, they'd trample Urpu to death. We must find him at once." Pirak tried to



Pirak put Urpu on a leash to save time

keep the trembly tone out of his voice. He was doing a man's work and must act like a man. The atmosphere was rent with the shouts of men, the barking of dogs and the grunts of running reindeer. Johan shot forward to aid Lars. Pirak looked and looked, peering into the timber. Hardly knowing why, he began to follow the tracks going away from the herd. On and on he went. When he was out of earshot of the herd, the silence almost hurt his eardrums. Once he was frightened for a moment by the sudden whirring of wings as a pair of ptarmigan fluttered up from the snow and disappeared. After awhile he felt tired and sat down on a log to rest.

He kept thinking about Urpu. "Now if I were a little reindeer, how could I get lost?" he thought. "I might get caught in a fox trap set by a hunter." His eyes followed the wide swath of trampled snow and he thought, "No, if a trap had been there, the herd would have upset it." But he remembered how Urpu often dashed playfully into the woods, returning to the herd a mile ahead.

A moment later a new danger overshadowed anything he had imagined. There was a howl of a wolf still some distance away. Pirak's thumping heart stood still.

(To be concluded next month)

Christmas Fish

MARGARET LORING
THOMAS

Illustrations by Charlotte Anna Chase

THE CHRISTMAS vacation had begun. Benito and his friend Soledad decided to go fishing, and they hoped that they could catch fish for Christmas dinner. None of the families in the little Mexican village where they lived was rich enough, as Benito's grandfather, old Señor Sierra, had once been, to buy a red snapper or pompano caught many miles away in the ocean and brought to the village packed in ice.

In the olden days when the Aztec rulers lived in luxury and splendor, they had fish from the salt waters brought for hundreds of miles over the mountains by runners, who made such good speed that the fish were fresh when they reached Mexico City. Ever since those days, some of the Mexican people have always thought that a big fish covered with a sauce of tomatoes, onions, chilies, mushrooms, capers, cloves, cinnamon bark and a dozen or more other good flavors, is the greatest treat that any family can serve.

Weeks ago Benito and Soledad had cut bamboo stalks which were dry enough now to make good fishing poles. The lines and sinkers and hooks were ready. In the patio of Benito's home stood a little woven palm-leaf basket, filled with moist earth, in which the boys stored the worms they had been collecting for days.

The boys had often fished in the stream, but had caught only minnows. Now they planned to go to a lake, nearly half a day's journey on foot around the base of the mountain, where they might catch a hake or some other large fish. Neither Benito nor Soledad had ever been so far away from home. Even if they started before sunrise they would arrive at the lake too late for good early morning fishing, and so they planned to start late in the afternoon two days before Christmas.



Soledad caught the first fish

Tortillas and tamales, cheese and guava paste were being prepared for the Christmas fiesta and the boys stuffed their bags full. Benito had a new henequen bag with a brown and purple rooster painted on it. Out of the peso his grandfather had given him to spend for Christmas, he had bought the bag and fishing tackle and still had money for the journey.

A little before four o'clock in the afternoon, Benito and Soledad started their journey, fishing poles over their shoulders. Crossing the plaza they were stopped by some boys, playing a game of jacks, who wanted to go with them.

"No," said Benito. "You have to get ready for a fishing trip a long time beforehand. It is too late for you to join us now." He and Soledad walked on across the plaza and out of the village.

Soft, fine dust rose from the ground in little yellow puffs every time the boys took a step. When gusts of wind swirled the dust into the air, they had to shut their eyes and mouths to keep from choking. After the boys had walked almost two hours they began to overtake men, dressed like themselves in loose white suits and big straw sombreros, returning from work in the cornfields.

All the men they met said good day, and some added, "I see you are going fishing. Good luck."

When they came near the village, Soledad said, "I don't like to go through a strange

village. I wish that we could go around it."

"Oh, I guess it will be all right. Come on," Benito urged bravely, although he himself did not like it very well either. The boys held up their heads and walked directly toward the plaza, where they heard music. Already the venders were setting up their booths and decorating them with red, green and white streamers of paper or cloth. Benito and Soledad stopped beside one of the booths and bought some ice-cold lemonade which they drank very slowly so that they could stand and listen to the musicians, who were playing guitars and singing a song called "My Guitar." Most of the song the musicians seemed to be making up as they sang, putting in bits about the bystanders. The crowd laughed loudly, for Christmas was coming and they felt carefree and happy.

Here, too, men looked at the boys and said, "You are going fishing. Good luck."

By sunset the boys were well beyond the village and the air was growing cool as they sat down to eat their supper.

They each ate more than half of what food they had brought. When Benito saw how little he had left, he tried to console himself by saying, "We won't need as much for breakfast as we did for supper."

About nine o'clock they had reached the lake. The bright moonlight seemed to cover the water with a silver sheet and they saw, around the shore, low palm-thatched huts. Benito and Soledad crept into one of these huts, and Soledad was asleep as soon as his head touched the pile of palm leaves on which he lay down. Benito was awake for a long time listening to the lapping-lapping of water against the shore.

Before dawn the boys were awakened by a short, wiry, bare-footed fisherman coming into the hut. "Where did you come from?" he asked.

"From the far side of the mountain,"

answered Benito. "We have come to catch fish for Christmas." By this time he was standing up to show the man his pole and tackle.

"We don't fish with poles from the shore of this lake," remarked the man, gathering together some baskets and a net.

Benito looked disappointed. "Can't we catch any fish? What shall we do? We have traveled almost half the night to get here."

"Yes, you can catch some fish. I catch fish with a net from a boat. The fish don't come near enough the shore along here for you to catch them with a pole."

"But we haven't any boat or net," said Benito.

The boys watched the fisherman attach his net to a stout pole. The net was about the size and shape of a large basket, and it swung from the end of the pole by several short cords. Next the man shoved his dugout canoe

to the waterline, and they watched him get in. Then the fisherman called, "Boys, bring your poles and bait and I'll take you out to deep water."

The fisherman paddled his canoe up to the side of a raft floating on the lake and said, "Climb onto the raft; sit and fish until I come back for you. Be sure to throw all the small fish back in the water." Then he paddled away.

Benito and Soledad baited their hooks and cast the lines into the still, misty gray water of the lake. Almost at once Benito felt a nibble at his hook, but the fish got away. Then nothing happened for a long time and the sun was fully up.

"I'm hungry, aren't you, Soledad?" remarked Benito. "I wish we had eaten our breakfast before we came out here. It will be a long swim back if that fisherman doesn't come for us."

Soledad caught the first fish, then another, and next Benito caught a very large fish. He did not know how big a fish could be until he



"It will take me all night," said the cook, "to make a sauce fine enough for that fish."

caught this fish, for he had never seen one so big before. After this the fish came fast, but they were mostly small and had to be thrown back into the lake.

The sun grew hot, the cool breeze died down, and the fish stopped biting. The boys grew hotter and hungrier every minute.

"I wish that fisherman would come back," sighed Soledad.

After a long pause, Benito said, "I hope he hasn't forgotten us."

The boys were so hot and thirsty that they stopped talking long before the fisherman glided into sight. Finally he pulled up at the raft and said, as he turned over the fish, "You had a good catch."

At the shore he showed the boys how to wrap their fish in wet leaves and weeds to keep them fresh. When Benito offered him some money the fisherman shook his head, but when they offered him some breakfast he sat down and ate tortillas with them.

About noon the boys reached the village which had yesterday seemed strange, but now seemed familiar. The plaza was crowded with booths, and women were sitting on the curb behind *braseros*, little stoves with charcoal fires, cooking tortillas, or were steaming tamales placed on beds of straw in the bot-

toms of kettles of water which were boiling over charcoal fires built on the ground. Other women were roasting sweet potatoes. The boys had enough money to buy some of these, as well as tamales and lemonade. They wet the leaves and weeds around the fish and sat down to rest in the shady plaza before they started out again on their journey.

Going home, they took the road which passed Señor Sierra's hacienda, and Benito walked in through the gateway and across the empty patios to the kitchen where he found Juana, the old cook, and gave her one of the fish to cook for his grandfather's supper.

When Benito reached home, he found his father, mother and little sister in the patio. He removed the weeds and leaves from his fish and held it up for them to admire. "We will have fish for supper," he said.

"Oh, no," said the cook, looking out of the kitchen. "I will boil the fish tonight, and we will have it cold with sauce tomorrow. Such a fine fish must have a fine sauce, and it will take me nearly all night to make a sauce fine enough for that fish."

So the next day they ate the finest sauce they had ever tasted on the finest fish that ever was caught.

Christmas on Christmas Island

(Continued from page 90)

they began to eat it, however, they gobbled it so fast that the roofs of their mouths ached, and they all asked for a drink of hot water. They weren't so sure that they liked this white magic.

Then suddenly one man broke into a shrill, high chant. Another voice picked up the tune. Then another—a woman this time. Then a score of voices broke into the *himené*—the ancient song of their race.

I climbed up on deck and stood for a moment in the companionway door. I looked at the black sky alive with stars—at the white beach, the decks of the *Kaimiloa* choked with dark figures, the men swaying to and fro on their haunches, the groups of women with sleepy children clustered about them, all of them flushed by the flickering lamplight flooding out through the open skylights. Father Rougier emerged out of the darkness and moved over to my side. The rich deep voices

rose in wild harmonies, borne upward on the winds from the sea, and my heart went tight inside me. All around me was the salt smell of the sea, the ancient sea. And all around me the night echoed with this strange *himené*.

"Do you recognize the song?" Father Rougier queried.

I shook my head. "What is it?"

He smiled benevolently upon his flock. "It is Noël, Noël, M'sieu! They do things of their own to our tunes. But . . ." he spread his hands indulgently. "What would you, *mon ami*? They are still *sauvages*, these children of mine."

Lights came out on shore. The flares of the fishermen on the reef dotted the darkness, waving in the wind, keeping time to the beat of the music. The whole world was singing. *Noel, Noel. . .* The old, old story. Peace on earth, good will toward men. . .

Christmas on Christmas Island.

Something About Spices

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

ONCE there were four thieves who were as wise as they were wicked. The story goes that by using their brains they discovered a way to protect themselves against the plague that was raging in their city of southern France about the year 1720. In those days no one ever had heard of disease germs, nor of antiseptics and disinfectants. But these men mixed pepper, cloves, cinnamon and other spices with camphor and garlic and who-knows-what, and protected by this concoction, which they called vinegar, they walked into plague-stricken houses and safely robbed the dead and dying. They stole priceless treasures of gold and jewels, and the plague passed them by.

Even so, the time came when the four thieves were captured, tried and sentenced. But again their vinegar, known as "Vinegar of the Four Thieves," saved their lives. In exchange for their secret formula, afterward used by physicians, the four thieves were pardoned.

In ancient times and during the Middle Ages, diseases were supposed to have their origin in bad odors; so spices were highly valued for the fragrance which might keep disease away. For that matter, some people use spices not only to flavor food, but as remedies like ginger tea and mustard plasters.

All through the ages spices have been used by embalmers, perfumers and cooks. Before the days of refrigeration, the cooks used spices to disguise the taste of all sorts of spoiled foods. When there were no refrigerators in Europe, meats were dried for winter use. With the help of spices, the cooks in great castles did their best to make it possible for knights and ladies to eat this tough dried beef.

For a long time Arabia was supposed to be the native land of all the spices. This was because spices were taken to the markets of Egypt, Greece and Rome by Arab merchants. More than a thousand years passed before it was learned in Europe that pepper, cinnamon and cloves had arrived in Arabia by the cara-



The island of Bali is rich in beauty which delights the eye and spices which delight the palate

van route from India, Ceylon and the islands of the Moluccas. This knowledge changed the map of the world. For in those days spices were precious and expensive, and it would mean much money in the pocket of any man who could discover rich sources of them.

Columbus ventured west over the Atlantic in quest of spices and other treasures of India. When he sailed back to Spain he not only had discovered a New World, but he took with him two spices from America that were strangers in Europe.

One is allspice, from a tall beautiful evergreen tree, so called because its blossoms smell like all the spices. The berries that follow the blossoms are picked green and dried in the sunshine. In each berry are two seeds. The Spanish named the spice pimento, which is their word for pepper.

The other American spice, cayenne pepper, is from a plant of the capsicum family. Columbus took cayenne pepper to Spain in 1493.

A few years later Portugal sent Vasco da



Sorting cinnamon

Gama in search of a way to reach India in quest of spices, by sailing east. As we know, he rounded the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1496; and his ships returned to Portugal laden with cargoes of pepper, cloves and cinnamon.

After that the ships of all nations began the race for the spice islands and for the control of the spice trade, which kept the map makers busy and filled the world with sorrow, for cruelties mark every step of the story.

Most ancient of all the spices is pepper, once so costly that it was sometimes used instead of money. When Alaric the Goth besieged Rome, he demanded and was paid as ransom three thousand pounds of pepper in addition to silver and gold.

After the discovery of sea routes to India, and the planting of pepper vines on islands of the East Indies by the Portuguese and the Dutch, there was a drop in the price of pepper.

As we know, only one of Magellan's five ships survived the famous voyage around the earth, but that ship, the *Victoria*, returned to Europe with a cargo of cloves from the Spice Islands that more than paid all the expenses of the first circumnavigation of the globe.

Marco Polo, home in Italy from his years in China, had reported the use of cloves in that country from ancient times. But the homeland of cloves was unknown until the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese discovered the Moluccas and found the trees growing wild there. Almost as valuable as the pepper da Gama brought back with him were the barrels and barrels of cloves. Clove trees are about forty feet high and have been called the most beautiful trees in the world. When the trees are covered with their pink blossoms, their fragrance fills the air far out over the sea.

The Dutch drove the Portuguese away from the Moluccas. Then, to maintain the fabulous price, they destroyed all clove trees except those growing on the Island of Amboyna. That made trouble because with the clove trees gone the natives had no idea how old they were. It was an old custom of the islands that when a child was born the father planted a clove tree. By looking at their clove trees, men, women and children could guess at their ages.

In time the French acquired clove seeds and started forests on their island of Mauritius, and then on Zanzibar. After that the price of cloves came tumbling down.

Cinnamon is another ancient spice, so old that no one knows when or by whom it was first discovered growing in fragrant forests on the Island of Ceylon. It was one of the spices taken to ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, by Arabian merchants who didn't themselves know exactly where it grew. After the Portuguese sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and discovered the truth about cinnamon, they built a fort on Ceylon to keep out all other nations, and they held that fort for centuries.

The Dutch came next, and controlled the cinnamon trade until the early days of our republic. There were heavy penalties for anyone caught taking even so much as one cinnamon seed from Ceylon. Finally the English drove out the Dutch, and, after the British took possession of Ceylon, the Dutch planted cinnamon as well as clove trees on their own Spice Islands.

Cinnamon trees are from twenty to thirty feet tall and sometimes they live to be two hundred years old. The small blossoms of the tree turn into berries shaped like acorns, in each of which is one seed. All parts of the tree are used for oil or spice. But cinnamon bark, as we know it, is from tender branches cut from the tree. The bark is peeled, dried, and then ground into powder. Cinnamon sometimes is sprinkled on custard pie, but most cooks prefer grated nutmeg.

It seems that nutmeg is one spice that was unknown to the ancients. It became familiar in Europe during the twelfth century. The trees sometimes grow to be forty or even sixty feet tall, and have small delightful-smelling pale yellow flowers. Nutmeg trees are natives of the Banda Islands, a group of Moluccas, away down on the Banda Sea. The Portuguese found the trees when they discovered the Moluccas.

When the Dutch drove away the Portuguese, they cornered the market for nutmegs and mace. Mace, also, is from the nutmeg tree. The fruit of the tree is about the size of a peach. Inside is a brown nut, and the mace is the net-like covering of the nut. When the nut is cracked open, there is the seed, or nutmeg.

Early in the eighteenth century, the Dutch destroyed all the nutmeg trees in the Moluccas excepting those that grew on the Banda Islands, and at Amsterdam they burned three piles of nutmegs as "high as three churches," to keep the price so high that only the rich could buy it.

Next thing the Dutch knew, nutmeg trees again were growing over all the Moluccas. The new forests were planted by birds called nutmeg pigeons. They liked mace, so they carried away the mace, nuts and all, and left the nutmegs to fall on the ground and grow.

In time, the French planted nutmeg trees on their Island of Mauritius, and then, down came the price of nutmegs.

Ginger was known to the ancient Chinese, to the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. At first it was thought that ginger grew wild



Whole families in the Netherlands East Indies go nutmeg gathering with basket-poles

only in Asia, but in later times it was discovered in South Africa, Mexico and Brazil. The roots of the plant are dug from the ground, washed and spread out on canvas to dry, and finally ground to powder. The world's best ginger now is from Jamaica. The reason we get ginger preserved in sugar and sirup from China is because the roots of the Chinese plants are too tender to be dried and sent over the seas as dried roots. The name ginger comes from China, where it was called *gingi*.

Mustard first grew wild in Europe, Asia, and Africa. But now the plant is at home around the world. It was used

by ancient physicans and as medicine all through the Middle Ages. It was not until the year 1720 that mustard became a table spice. That year Mrs. Clements, an Englishwoman of Durham, discovered a new use for mustard seed. She ground the seeds in a mill and made a fortune selling a new spice. For years she kept secret the fact that the spice she sold was nothing but ground mustard seed. Even so, Mrs. Clements never dreamed of the mustard pickles now sold by every grocer in America.

Spice

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

ONCE hardy spirits ventured into deeps
Of strange new oceans dark with fabled fear;
Once goods were smuggled (when a watchman
sleeps,
Or seems to sleep, bales sometimes disappear);
Once caravans were rifled, and their stores
Vanished in bandit hideaways; once thieves
Risked neck-in-noose to break iron-banded
doors
For riches of more praise than gold receives
What was this prize of battles or of crimes
Which must be gained at any sacrifice?
We scarcely comprehend, these later times,
The madness and the lure of Eastern spice,
Or what men dared to capture for themselves
These common staples of our pantry shelves!

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1940, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

VOL. 22 DECEMBER, 1940 NO. 4

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

And all your kin and folk,
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.

—Old English Carol

A Suggestion

HUNDREDS of thousands of American Junior Red Cross members are busy just now with their plans for Christmas giving to the less fortunate people in their communities. Many a child will have a happier Christmas because of some gift from these members. But, if the giving is not planned in a thoughtful way, your gifts may bring not pleasure but actual distress. Planning in a thoughtful way means considering the feelings of those who will receive your presents. Mightn't it hurt the feelings of these people if you, perhaps their own schoolmates, should go yourselves to their homes with baskets of food or other gifts? So we suggest that you plan your Christmas giving with the help of the social welfare agency in your community. You will notice the way the Juniors of Webster Groves,

Missouri, do it, as described on page 103 of this number. These members have followed this way for a number of years, and they don't feel that they have missed anything by not knowing the names of those they are helping. In fact, they like this way because then they can be sure that the shine will not be taken off Christmas for them by the thought that maybe somebody got hurt by the way in which a sincere desire to share was expressed.

The Snow Man

I made a little Snow Man.

He looked pleasant as can be.

Every time I looked at him

He seemed to smile at me.

—Doris Ruth Broomall, Age 8. Ardmore, Pa.

The Calendar and the N. C. F.

THIS YEAR'S Calendar pictures, as you have noticed, all illustrate ways in which the National Children's Fund has been used or is now being used. Some of the pictures, like the one for October, for instance, show uses of the Fund after the first World War, for this remarkable Fund, contributed by children for children, has been going on steadily for more than twenty-one years. American Junior Red Cross members gave \$3,000,000 for the relief of European children after the war. The November picture shows how the last Junior Red Cross Christmas boxes brought cheer to children in the midst of the war in China. This month's picture shows how the Fund was drawn upon in 1938 to make a pleasanter Christmas for Spanish children who had to flee from the terrible civil war in their country. Not only soap, milk and evaporated milk were provided from the money contributed by the American Juniors, but jars of marmalade, too. For it seems that marmalade at Christmas is as much a tradition with Spanish children as, say, fresh oranges are with us.

Every month we have been reporting ways in which your Fund is being used to help war victims right now. Already your contributions have pushed the total up beyond \$200,000, and already there are hundreds of young war victims who have been benefitted by your thoughtfulness. Big calls now are being made upon the Fund. It is a matter of pride with a generation or so of American Junior Red Cross members that for more than twenty-one years they have kept it ready to meet all calls.

The Children Come to America

ALICE DALGLIESH

THIS is the story of the first British boys and girls to come to America under the plan worked out by the British government and the United States Committee for the Care of European Children. Others had come, but they came because their parents had friends or relatives in the United States to send them to, and could pay their steamship fares. Many of the boys and girls who are now coming have their fares paid by a London committee, and here they go to homes of friendly people they have never met or heard of, who are glad to give a home to children from a country that is at war.

The first ship to come over was the *Samaria*, bringing one hundred and forty-four children from six to sixteen. These children came from all over the British Isles. All of them had lived through a year of "blackout," when every window in the house had to be covered with black curtains, and when streets had not a light to help people find their way. All of them had carried little boxes with their gas masks, all day and every day, and all of them had learned what to do if an air raid *should* come to their town or village.

Of course, there was the hard time when parents had to decide to send their children away to a far country, to homes that they did not know. Then there came the day when the fathers and mothers took their children to London, to Grosvenor House, where they would say good-bye and hand them over to the escorts who were to take them to America. Even the fathers and mothers were not to know what boat their children were sailing on, or from what port they left—not until afterwards when they had safely arrived.

In a big room at Grosvenor House the escorts sat at tables. They were social workers, nurses and a few members of the British Red Cross in their blue uniforms. Now let us watch a group of fifteen boys and girls coming down the steps. They and their parents go over to a table where a pleasant-faced young woman in a blue uniform is seated. On her blue felt hat is a gold badge with a red cross and on her arm is a band on which is printed "Children's Escort."



Miss O. greets the parents and the children. The children are given chairs. The parents stand, for they will soon be leaving. After the parents have talked to Miss O., and other parents have talked to other escorts, a voice through the loud-speaker says, "Parents have ten minutes longer with their children." That is a hard ten minutes, but there are very few tears; the children have been told that British children are brave and do not cry.

Each boy and girl is given a little book, about the size of a passport. This is the "Token of Freedom" presented to them by Americans in England. In the book are some of the brave words about freedom that people have spoken through the years. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is there. You all know it, but the words are strange yet friendly to English children: "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." That, they know, is the thing their mothers and fathers are working for.

Then the loud-speaker says, "All grownups please withdraw," and the fathers and mothers go up to the gallery where they stand looking down on the children. Now the children are excited. Someone shouts, "Are we down-hearted?" And a hundred and forty-four

voices shout, "No!" The escorts start the children singing. The parents from the gallery look down and wave and make the sign "thumbs up!" The children form in a long line of twos and march out with their escorts.

Buses are waiting outside, and the children pile in. At Paddington Station they board the train that is to take them to the port where their ship awaits them.

At the port station, Red Cross workers meet the train and give the children milk and crackers, the grownups, tea. Then the travelers go to a children's home where they are to spend the night. No sooner have they settled down in the dormitories than there is a long wailing sound, the air-raid siren.

"It's only a practice raid," says Miss O. quietly to her children, "but we must go to the shelter. Bring your blankets."

The older boys and girls guess that it is a real air raid, but they will not tell the little ones so. In the shelter, they sit wrapped in blankets, and then *very* loudly, so that the small ones won't hear the bombs, they sing "Roll Out the Barrel," "There'll Always Be an England," and other songs they know.

After a long, long time the "all clear" is sounded and the children all go back to bed. Soon they are asleep, for all of them are tired out with excitement.

The next morning the children go on board, though they do not sail until the following day. They scurry around the decks looking at everything, and they are all so interested that they forget to be homesick. Four children are in each stateroom (*they* call them "cabins"), a big boy with three little ones, a big girl with three small girls. The big ones are "prefects" and the children obey them as they have learned to obey the older boys and girls who are prefects in English schools.

They can not see the sea through the portholes for there is a "blackout" on board ship, and all the children know they must never be careless at night and open a door on the deck.

At last sailing time comes, and the ship sails out, escorted by a British destroyer. The children know about submarines, but they aren't in the least afraid. They say, "The Navy's taking care of us." For the first two days of the voyage, a plane flies over the ship each day, flies low so that the children can see the red, white and blue circles on its wings. It dips in salute. The children run from one part of the deck to another and wave to the men on the plane. "The R. A. F. is taking care of us, too."

The children wear their life belts all the way across, not even taking them off at night, and there is lifeboat drill every day. But they don't think very much about these things, it is so exciting to be on the ship. It is great fun to choose meals from the menu, and they are surprised to find that there is so much ice cream. "I didn't know there was so much ice cream in the world," says one of the boys to Miss O. "Do we have it in America, too?"

America comes nearer and the children keep Miss O. busy answering questions. "Are American boys and girls like us?" "Will they be glad to see us?" "Will they be friendly?" "What are American schools like?" "Does New York have buildings like the Houses of Parliament and Westminster?" They are interested in American money and Miss O. shows them a dime (it looks like a sixpence) and a quarter (it looks like a shilling).

Then comes the most exciting time. America is so near that the "blackout" is over! At night the portholes are clear glass again, doors open and lights stream out on deck. "Quick!" says a boy. "Shut the door! The light mustn't get out!" But now Miss O. tells the children that light may shine from all the doors and portholes. There is no war on this side of the ocean, and all planes that fly overhead are friendly ones.

Questions begin again. "Are we almost there?" "When do we see the Statue of Liberty?" "When do we see New York?" And suddenly there is the Statue of Liberty and all the children rush to the rail to see her. They are so excited that the escorts have a hard time keeping them from falling overboard. The ship steams slowly up the bay—and there is New York! It is evening, and there are lights in all the buildings. The city looks very strange and very beautiful. "Look at the lights! Look at the lights!" These children who have not seen lighted buildings for a whole year can not believe their eyes. They have never seen anything like New York.

"What are those big buildings?" asks one little boy. "Are they castles?"

"No," says Miss O. "Those are office buildings and houses; people live in them."

But the little boy doesn't really believe her. "I *think* they are castles," he says. "They are too big for houses."

"Be sure to put your Token of Freedom in your valise," says Miss O. as the children do their last packing. "Some day you will show it to *your* children and tell them how you came to America."

Christmas News

"CHRISTMAS EVE IS HERE," the carol printed on the back cover of this issue of the News, is likely to find its way into the many programs of Christmas music planned by Junior Red Cross members for holiday entertainment.

Just a few days before Christmas, some thirty-five or forty boys and girls belonging to the A Capella Choir of a White Plains, New York, school went to the Orthopedic Hospital and, going from room to room, they sang Christmas carols for all the patients.

A similar service was given for the Newport Naval Hospital by the Mumford School of Newport, Rhode Island. The Red Cross Field Director there reported that the songs were enjoyed not only by the men grouped around the rotunda, but also by patients in the wards, as the music carried well throughout the hospital. Later these twenty-five Juniors went to the Home for the Aged to sing.

To add variety to a program planned by Belden School of Canton, Ohio, children with a Roumanian background sang a group of Roumanian Christmas carols.

Greek Juniors love to sing, too, and they sing well. At Christmas, a number of J. R. C. groups go through their towns and villages caroling.



J. R. C. members of St. Andrew's School, St. Paul, Minnesota, getting toys ready for children who have none

IN HUNGARY, forty J. R. C. members of the Tatabanya section made forty dresses, filled forty boxes, and dressed forty dolls which they took along with a Christmas tree to a group of forty other little girls who otherwise would have had a rather poor Christmas. Hand in hand, all eighty children sang an old Christmas carol.



During the invasion of Finland at this time last year the Junior Red Cross of the United States and other countries came to the aid of fleeing families like this one

THE IDEA of the "Lady Bountiful" type of Christmas-basket giving has been discarded long since by Junior Red Cross members of Webster Groves, Missouri, who plan their holiday program far ahead, and with no thought of credit or personal contact with the recipients of the gifts.

Although the Chapter receives money, fuel, and special gifts from groups and individuals, the Junior members of the Red Cross have come to feel that it is their particular job to plan for Christmas in families being helped by the Red Cross. They have decided



The closing tableau of a Christmas play presented by members of the Lincoln School, Akron, Ohio

that gifts of toys and clothing at Christmas time should be new, and any contributions of used clothing are held out to be sent to families later, and not as holiday remembrances.

As families are visited by the Red Cross Home Service worker, Christmas wishes are discussed. Brief descriptions of the boys and girls, father and mother, are kept on a card record to help in selecting gifts. One card is kept in the Chapter office. As they are asked for, duplicates are given to J. R. C. representatives in the schools. Families are known by number only. For weeks before Christmas, boys and girls work on gifts. Unknown families are planned for just as if they were personal friends. Presents are wrapped and boxed, and frequently candy, nuts and fruit are added along with a Christmas tree and ornaments. Sometimes, even, money in an envelope has been attached to the box with the suggestion that it may be used for Christmas dinner. The boxes are given a number and turned over to the Chapter office which sees that they are distributed in plenty of time for use on Christmas. Last year more than one hundred families were provided with gifts.

BRAY SCHOOL of Gloucester, Massachusetts, sent sixty pine-cone Christmas trees to the City Home at Christmas as favors for dinner trays.

First Fork School of Austin, Pennsylvania, went out and gathered Christmas greens and

pine cones, and sent them to the Naval Hospital at Philadelphia. The Red Cross Field Director wrote that "Our hospital auditorium is a very large room and the group of service men who assisted us to decorate it were enthusiastic over the result obtained by making long garlands of the trailing pine and cones, to which large red bells were attached. These were strung from the balcony and gave a very warm glow to the wood-paneled room. Some of the greens were also sent to the Nurses' Quarters where they were used in the same fashion."

PACIFIC COAST Junior Red Cross members are among those who sent Christmas boxes to fellow-members in Alaska. Freddie Krukoff, a fourth-grader in the Nikolski, Alaska, Native School, wrote in a "thank-you" letter:

"We got the toys on the night of Christmas Eve at our Christmas tree program, and they made all of us children very happy.

"No trees grow on this island, and the mail ship has always been good to us and brought us one. But the *M. S. Fern*, which came on December 20th, did not bring us a tree, so we boys with the help of our teacher made a beautiful one out of a shovel handle and some heavy wire. We drilled holes through the handle and stuck wires through them, which we turned up to look like tree branches. The girls, with the help of our teacher's wife, wrapped the shovel handle with brown crêpe paper, and the wire branches with frayed green crêpe paper that looked like pine needles. Finally, we had a beautiful Christmas tree of which we are very proud. After we had used it, we tied it to the ceiling in the basement and we will use it again next year if the *M. S. Fern* is bad to us again."

IN THEIR STUDY of Europe and Asia, Eastern School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, dug up lots of interesting bits of information. One thing they enjoyed doing most was making cookbooks of recipes used in different coun-

tries. Each page was decorated: the recipe for Swiss cookies (*bricelets*) was on a page which pictured a chalet, mountains, goats, and boys in costume; directions for making Japanese omelet (*Tamago Yaki*) were on a page with colored drawings of girls with parasols, rickshaws, houses. Two women in costume, winding balls of wool, and boys and girls in costume, headed the recipe for Swedish waffles (*Graddva Ffler*).

The Juniors are planning to give a luncheon soon, using the many recipes they rounded up. Already they have made money for their Service Fund by making several batches of Swiss cookies. To shape the cookies, they used a wooden cookie cutter made during their study of Switzerland.

Cup cakes and cookies were also made and sold by members of Utica, New York. The money was used to buy gifts for children at Christmas.

PRESCOTT SCHOOL, Oakland, California, raised money for Finnish relief by making and selling Christmas gifts.

LOOKING for a new way to earn money for their war relief fund, members of the "Canaries" Branch of the St. Clare Separate School, Windsor, Ontario, decided to hold a kitten sale. Prices for the kittens started at thirteen cents, and went on up as high as \$1.75.

AS WE TOLD YOU last month, money has been appropriated from the National Children's Fund to help in setting up cottages in rural sections of England. Some four hundred children, evacuated from cities where bombing is heaviest, will be taken care of. Now another five hundred dollars has been sent so that toys and books can be bought for these children away from their homes and families.

Junior Red Cross members are working hard here at home, of course, to swell the N. C. F. and to make garments for boys and girls overseas who are facing a hard winter.

So that no material would go to waste, some of the younger Junior Red Cross members of Scituate, Massachusetts, gathered together scraps left over from garments adult Red Cross members had made. The scraps were made up into little blankets to be used with layettes.

THE ESTONIAN Junior Red Cross Magazine, from which the story "Silent Night" is reprinted in this issue of the NEWS, will soon receive a gift from Chattanooga Junior Red Cross members. Using the material gathered by these Tennessee Juniors, fellow-members in Estonia will be starting on an imaginary tour of the United States. The editor of the Estonian J. R. C. Magazine asked if the American Junior Red Cross could supply him with some material which would help the Juniors of Estonia to know and understand the United States and its people. Working in geography, history, and English classes, Chattanooga members assembled an album of pictures, accompanied by interesting descriptions, which carried the Estonians from East to West across the United States, stopping at all the interesting points, historic, geographic and industrial, along the way. A map marked in red indicated the direction the trip was to take. Along with this were three books, "Farmer Boy," "Little Women," and "Little Rose of the Mesa," all three chosen because they would give Estonian Juniors an idea of what American children are like, and what they enjoy reading.



Christmas reunion of city children for whom the Latvian Junior Red Cross, aided by the National Children's Fund, had secured work during the summer as shepherds



Customs and Cookies



IN AUSTRIA, St. Barbara's Day, December fourth, is both a festival day for the miners and the first day of the blessing of the branch. In the gold mine of Rauris the miners used to be given some gingerbread known as "Barbara Bread." At night they placed food and drink on the table for the brownies. The blessing of the tree on that day is a widespread custom. People cut "Barbara twigs"—twigs from cherry and pear trees—and put them into a dish of water. In Lower Austria, each person attaches a label to this twig bearing his name. About Christmas time the twigs begin to blossom. The one whose twig blossoms first is supposed to have particularly good luck during the coming year.

In Provence, France, wheat seeds are set in water on St. Barbara's Day and put in a warm place. If they grow well, that is a sign of a good harvest. Then, too, the green growing grain makes a good table decoration at the Christmas feast and symbolizes the new year.

In memory of its patron saint, the public library at Santa Barbara, California, pays attention to this old custom at the open-house party it gives every year on Christmas Eve. In the reading room is a beautiful crèche, with a little stable of brown wood and figures of Joseph, Mary, the baby Jesus, the shepherds, the angels, the cattle and the sheep dogs. And on each side of the crib there are trays of young grain, sprouted from seeds planted for the library by children on December fourth.

People of many countries observe at Christmas customs that really date back to pagan times. They keep up the customs more for the sake of old times than because they believe in them.

In one region of Yugoslavia, for instance, after the *badniak*, or Christmas log, is burning on the hearth, two blazing torches are taken from it and placed a little distance apart. Then the members of the family march between the two, saying, "I pass through one fire to avoid another," meaning by "another," some dreaded illness. On Christmas day there is a special dish of flour mixed with cream. As

the members of the family eat this, they recite certain special prayers for guarding their crops against being destroyed by birds. Early on Christmas morning they light torches on each side of the door of the stable and drive the cattle out between the two fires so as to protect them from wolves during the coming year. The first person who comes to the house on Christmas day is known as the *polazenik* and the mother of the family gives him a special kind of round loaf of bread decorated with dried fruit, colored threads and cheese. He carries the loaf home on his head, so that all the neighbors may see what a prosperous family he has just visited. (From the Junior Red Cross magazine of Yugoslavia.)

In the village of Bailovo, Bulgaria, the celebrations begin on Christmas Eve when the floor of the family living room is covered with straw, in memory of the straw in the manger where the baby Jesus lay. Over this is spread a tablecloth and on the cloth is arranged a meal with all the good things that can be found in the house. The special dish is made of boiled cracked wheat with dried fruits. On that evening is prepared an unleavened bread called "koshara," which means sheepfold, because it has little arrangements of dough on top to represent a sheepfold and oxen. A cake is made with a coin inside. Before the meal the father takes incense around the room. The youngest member of the family says the grace. Supper begins with the breaking of bread and everyone lays aside a bit for the cattle. Each one has a share of the cake and each hopes he will get the good luck coin.

On Christmas day, pork is usually being cooked, for every family has been fattening its Christmas pig. At midnight or in the early morning, boys go from house to house singing old carols that ask blessings for the people inside. The singers are given nuts, bacon, money and round loaves of bread. (From the Junior Red Cross magazine of Bulgaria.)

In the Philippines, these are some old Christmas customs which are to be found in no other country. The practice of observing

Christmas was introduced by the first friars who came to the Islands. In those days, there were few friars and there were few converts. A period of nine days before Christmas day was celebrated by ceremonies and feasts.

Now on each morning of the nine days preceding Christmas, the church bells ring at about three o'clock. A band goes around the town to waken the people to go to Mass. The second time the bell rings the Mass begins. First in the High Mass are sung the "Kyrie Eleison" and the "Agnus Dei." Drum beats follow the song. The band plays loud and lovely pieces between regular parts of the Mass. When Mass is finished, the bells ring out again, while the band plays vigorously. In Manila this *misa de gallo* or Mass at cock-crow is one of the few old traditions remaining.

Before the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, boys and girls carrying paper lanterns on high bamboo poles march along in a procession reciting the rosary.

Children consider Christmas their own particular day. They pass from house to house singing carols, reciting poems, and playing on instruments. In return, the owners of the houses give them gifts such as cakes and toys. (From a Philippine school correspondence album.)

Many countries have special Christmas cookies, such as those shown on the cover of the News this month. Marzipan, a mixture of almond paste, sugar and egg whites, is molded into flowers, fruits and other shapes by French and German confectioners. Denmark has its dainty doughnuts called "crisps"; England has rich, thin butter cookies, decorated with blanched almonds, known as "A. P.'s." In many Swiss and German homes, cookie molds of wood are handed down from one generation to another. Maybe you'd like to make some cookies to serve at Christmas or to sell for the National Children's Fund, which will be used to help children in Europe who are facing a far from happy Christmas. These

recipes were compiled by Frances Wyman Mohr for the *American Home*, December, 1931:

Chocolate Drops (Alsace-Lorraine): With a perforated spoon beat three eggs and one-half pound powdered sugar. Then add two ounces of grated sweet chocolate and six ounces of sifted pastry flour. Heat tins and rub with beeswax or paraffin. When cooled, drop teaspoonfuls of the batter two inches apart on the tin. Dip spoon in cold water first each time and see that rounds are dropped uniformly even. Set in a cool place overnight and bake in a medium oven. Bake a week beforehand.

Springerle (German): Stir, in one direction only, two eggs and one-half pound sugar until light. Gradually add two cupfuls of sifted flour, stirring all the time, until the dough is stiff. Roll about one-eighth-inch thick, and press floured Springerle roller down on dough to emboss designs. Cut out the squares and dry them ten hours on a floured board at room temperature. Bake on buttered tins sprinkled with aniseed, in a slow oven, 325° F., until light yellow.

Sprits Cookies (Swedish): Cream one-half pound sugar with three-fourths pound butter. Add one egg, one pound flour, one teaspoonful almond extract, and if desired one-fourth pound grated blanched almonds. Mix well and press dough through a sprits press and form into wreaths and esses. This dough may also be put through a sani-press cookie stamp.

Fattigman's Bakelse (Norwegian): Beat six egg yolks with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add two tablespoonfuls cream, two-thirds of a lemon rind grated, and enough flour to make a dough that can be rolled out thin. In Norway, a tablespoonful of whiskey is also added to improve the flavor. Cut into diamond shapes two and one-half inches long and make a one-inch slit diagonally through the center. Pull one point of the diamond through this slit and stretch cookie slightly. Fry in deep fat until golden in color.



This Latvian Christmas tree is hung with carved and painted wooden ornaments

The Big Christmas Bread

Elizabeth Orton Jones

Pictures by the Author

MAMINKA had to go away to the city because of her hand. She and her children had been doing the washing. They had been having a very exciting race between Old Grampa's long, long underwear and Nanka's little red dress—a race to see which would get through the wringer first. They had been having so much fun that they had forgotten to be careful. And Maminka's hand was hurt. So she had to go away to the city to have the good fat Bohemian doctor wrap it up.

Aunt Pansy was coming to stay for a while. But right now, there was nobody to make Old Grampa's big Christmas bread. Maminka usually made it for him every day, even in summer, because he liked it.

Everything Maminka did for old Grampa was done quickly and easily. Everything she did for him she was used to doing. Ever since Maminka was a little Bohemian girl in the Old Country, she and her father had never been far away from each other. Together they had come to the New Country. And now, they were together still. They



would always be together. And Maminka would always make the big Christmas bread for him every day, because he liked it.

But today—

"Nanka!" said Marianka, all of a sudden. "We must make Old Grampa's big Christmas bread!"

"Yi!" said Nanka, reaching for Maminka's red-checked apron.

Marianka tied Maminka's big red-checked apron round Nanka. Then she tied her own little apron round herself. And, right away, they got out some flour and some sugar and some raisins and some nuts and some butter and two little brown eggs, to make some dough in the big yellow

mixing bowl.

When the dough was made, they turned it out on the kitchen table, to knead it. They kneaded it and kneaded it. And after they had kneaded it, they rolled it into some long ropes which Marianka twisted into braids—just the way Maminka always did. The braids she laid one on top of the other. Nanka patted them down, all over.

Then, both together, they put the

bread into the oven, lit the stove, and closed the door.

"I hope it is going to be beautiful!" said Marianka.

"You big bread!" shouted Nanka, skipping back and forth in front of the stove. "Be beautiful!"

After a long time Marianka opened the oven door.

"Mm, Mari-an-ka!" said Nanka, looking in at the big Christmas bread.

"Mm, Nan-ka!" said Marianka.

It was beautiful! And shiny! And done!

Very carefully, with three dish towels apiece, to keep from burning their fingers, Nanka and Marianka lifted it out of the oven and onto the kitchen table.

Marianka got down the powdered sugar and made a white snowstorm over the top of the big shiny bread. And when it was cool enough, she whispered, "Na! Let's take it to Old Grampa, wherever he is!"

Old Grampa happened to be sitting just outside the kitchen on the back door-steps.

But he was surprised just the same.

When Nanka came out carrying the big Christmas bread, followed by Marianka clapping her hands and singing a little Christmas song, old Grampa could hardly believe his eyes. First he winked and then he blinked and then he said something in Bohemian.

"What does he say?" asked Nanka.

"He says he's afraid it's a dream," Marianka explained.

"Don't be afraid, Old Grampa!" said Nanka, laying the Christmas bread



When Nanka and Marianka went toward Old Grampa, carrying the big Christmas bread, he could hardly believe his eyes

across his lap. "It's real; it's no dream!"

So Old Grampa took out his sharp knife, to find out if it tasted as good as it looked. He could hardly wait! He put his sharp knife to the bread's crust. He pushed down. He pushed again. He pressed hard. Then he grunted.

"Oef!" grunted Old Grampa. And the powdered sugar flew up like snow in the wind.

Yes, it certainly was a beautiful bread! But Old Grampa's sharp knife would not cut it!

Marianka ran into the kitchen and brought out all the knives that there were. Old Grampa tried one after the other.

But no knife would cut it!

Nanka and Marianka sat down—plunk—one on each side of Old Grampa.

"You big bread!" said Nanka.

"Hard as a brick!" sighed Marianka.

After a while Old Grampa took his big red handkerchief out from his pocket. He wiped Nanka's nose and Marianka's nose. Then he put his arms around them both and told them something in Bohemian.

"What's he say?" asked Nanka, sniffing.

"He says he knows what!" explained Marianka, sniffing, too. "He's going to tie a long string round it and hang it up on his wall, because it's too beautiful to eat, anyway. He's just going to keep on looking at it, forever and ever!"

"Ho-o!" giggled Nanka, quite suddenly. "Too beautiful to eat!"

Marianka giggled, too.

Old Grampa wiped their noses once more. Then he put his red handkerchief back into his pocket, laid the big bread on the top step with all the knives, and went shuffling away to find a string long enough to hang it by.

"Too beautiful to eat — na! — just think, Nanka!" said Marianka, taking a deep breath after Old Grampa had disappeared.

Nanka took a deep breath, too.

Then they smiled at each other, as proud as proud could be.

—A chapter from a new book called *"Maminka's Children."* (Macmillan.)

Story of the First Christmas Tree

Rose Fyleman

ONCE upon a time there lived in the middle of a forest a poor wood-cutter.

He had one little daughter called Annis whom he loved dearly. Annis was very fond of all the woodland creatures, and they in turn knew and loved her well. The fairies loved her also. They used to dance on the top of the low stone wall that went round the little garden in front of the cottage.

At nighttime, when she was fast asleep under her red quilt, they would come tapping at the little window.

Then she would slip out of bed and run quickly downstairs with her bare feet, and off with the fairies into the moonshining woods. But the next day

she was never sure whether it had been a dream or reality.

That was in the summer.

It was winter now, and very cold. The sky was dark and heavy with coming snow.

Every evening, all through the winter, Annis would hang a little lantern with a candle in it on the small fir tree that grew just inside the garden gate. Her father could see it, as he came home, through the trees. It was a little bright welcome for him even before he reached home.

On Christmas Eve he went to work as usual. He came home for his dinner at midday and started back early. He was at work quite a long way off.

"I shall finish there today," he said to

his wife as he left the house. "Then I shall work nearer home. If the snow comes, it will be hard to find the way in the dark evenings."

And that very day the snow began. All the afternoon it fell in great, soft flakes.

Down, down down . . . it seemed as if the whole sky were falling in little bits.

It was quite dark by the time the woodcutter had finished, and he had to keep shaking the snow from his shoulders and from his old hat. The wood was all neatly stacked in the little shed which had been built up there to house it.

He started off home with a sigh of relief. He smiled to himself as he thought of his warm hearth and the bowl of hot porridge waiting for him on the hob, and of little Annis knitting in the chimney corner.

But presently—how it happened I know not, for he knew the forest well, and the snow had almost stopped falling, and the moon was shining—he found that he had lost his way.

He was quite cheerful at first. "In a minute I shall find the path again," he said. But many minutes passed and he did not find it. A cloud came over the moon; the snow was like a moving, whirling mist.

The woodcutter began to lose heart.

Then, suddenly, he saw a light ahead of him on one of the fir trees.

"Can I be so near home?" he thought. But when he came near, he found that it



was not the fir tree in his own garden that was lit up, but an ordinary forest tree. Little lights twinkled and glittered on its branches, burning brightly and steadily in spite of the falling snow. The woodcutter rubbed his eyes. Then he crossed himself. "If this be wicked magic," he thought, "it will now disappear." But the

lights burned more brightly than ever, and as he looked about he saw in the distance another tree lit up in the same way. Then he understood.

"It is the good fairies helping me," he said, and trudged off cheerily in the direction of the second tree.

And when he looked back, the first one had already grown dark again. But when he reached the second tree, another was shining ahead to show him the way.

And so he went on from tree to tree until at last he was guided safely home to Annis's little lantern in his own garden.

And always after that he used to put lights on a little fir tree on Christmas Eve in memory of the time when the fairies saved him from being lost in the forest. And so the custom began, and because it was such a pretty one, and because the fairies so willed it, it spread, and today the fairy Christmas tree is to be found all over the world in houses where there are children and where the fairies come.

—Reprinted by permission from "A Little Christmas Book," by Rose Fyleman. (Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York)



From the French

p

Christmas Eve is here, See the moon is wak-ing!
 Peo-ple on the road Car-ry light-ed lan-terns,
 Hear the ring-ing bells Swing-ing far their mu-sic

pp *p*

Christmas Eve is here, Clear and cold the night-Trudg-ing thro' the snow Go the qui-et peo-ple;
 See their bob-bing lights Lead the way to church. There they will keep watch Till the hour of mid-night
 Hear the ring-ing bells Play-ing mer-ry chimes! Christmas Day is here, Day of joy and glad-ness.

dim. e rall. after last verse

Trudg-ing thro' the snow, Go the qui-et peo-ple. Christ-mas Eve is here, Clear and cold the night.
 There they will keep watch Till the hour of mid-night When the bells will ring Joy-ous mel-o-dies.
 Christ-mas Day is here, Day of joy and glad-ness, Bring-ing peace on earth And good will to men.

dim. e rall.



—FROM "CHRISTMAS CAROLS FROM MANY COUNTRIES." ARRANGED FOR UNCHANGED VOICES
 BY SAYIS M. COLEMAN AND ELIN K. JØRGENSEN, G. SCHIRMER, INC., NEW YORK

